

SANTA'S CHRISTMAS VILLAGE,  
NORTH POLE.



TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE  
CHRISTMAS EVE, A  
NIGHT OF NEEDED REST.



NOT A CREATURE WAS  
STIRRING; INSTEAD, THEY  
READYED THEIR BEST.



ALL THE EXHAUSTED  
ELVES SLEPT, WITHOUT  
WORRY OR CARE.



BUT THROUGH THE  
WINDOW SAINT NICHOLAS,  
UNEASY, DID STARE.





THE ALLEGORICAL  
CALM BEFORE THE  
STORM. I USUALLY  
LIVE FOR THIS  
FEELING.

BUT AS CALM AS  
IT SEEMS, I SENSE  
A DIFFERENT  
STORM BREWING.

SOMETHING  
IS OFF.

THE SOUND OF THE  
WIND? THE COLOR OF  
THE NIGHT? IT IS  
DEFINITELY SOMETHING...

OR SOMEONE.

YOU  
COMING TO  
SLEEP, BIG  
BOY?

I SHOULDN'T  
HAVE TO TELL  
YOU---TOMORROW'S  
A BIG DAY, YOU  
NEED YOUR  
REST.











